

# THE MIDLAND

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## THREE POEMS

By HANIEL LONG

### IN THE MONONGAHELA VALLEY

Along the hill-tops,  
The new schools rise  
And children of miners  
Climb to the skies.

Squalor's a moment,  
Blood-shed a phase.  
In America, children  
Have infinite days.

There will be time  
To right all the wrongs,  
To paint all the pictures  
And sing all the songs.

*We* have forgotten  
What we should know,  
But here you can watch  
Days come and go.

*We* in our towers,  
Forever unsleeping,  
Watch only the glow  
Of the piles we are heaping.

O cleave to the rivers  
And flanks of hills,  
And bowls of upland  
The fireweed fills.

Live in the moment!  
Be bad, or be good;  
Be what you will  
At the edge of the wood —

But not mad, like us,  
Who have no guitars  
And fight not at dances  
Under the stars;

Who always are heaping  
New piles of gold,  
Forgetful of visions  
And dreams of old.

If you can, love us —  
Weave your strange mesh  
Of beauty and terror  
Into our flesh,

Till our New England  
Is a fibre in you,  
And your Slovakia  
Our moonlit thew,

And Italy, Russia,  
Hungary, Greece,  
All in one body  
Are muscled at peace.

## HEIRLOOMS OF IMMIGRANTS AT THE GALLERIES

We visited their houses, asking,  
What have you brought to us,  
What thing of value?

These seven spoons  
Were crested in Durasso;  
A Lusatian  
From a dowry centuries old  
Lent us this linen;  
A girl from Bucharest  
These body-clothes;  
A Lithuanian  
The candle-sticks  
And pillow covers;  
And the crucifix of painted wood  
Is from Fiume.  
The ikon hung in a white room  
At Novgorod;  
At Kamakura by the sea  
They gilded the moon-disc.  
A young Greek lent the lute.

They are happy lending them,  
And come each Sunday;  
And when I see them here,  
I muse . . .

What have you brought to us, strange eyes,  
What thing of value?

## THE ARIDIANS

I found in dreams a city of adobe  
In the mid-desert, toward the rising sun.  
There the Aridians live, a race athirst,  
Who value water so that they have fashioned  
Vessels for it too fair to be forgotten.  
Multiple man, under the lash of thirst,  
They use to decorate these amphoras,  
And childhood, youth, maturity, and age  
Are represented there a thousand times  
A thousand ways. The surface is alive.  
In the meanders which enclose the figures  
Flowers are moving which do not bloom in deserts  
And some of them too fair to bloom at all:  
These flowers appear in the crevices of limbs,  
Between the arms of wrestlers, and the breasts  
Of lovers: white as mist, they fall from garlands,  
Or surge in coppery lilacs from the sunsets.  
I wondered what such flowers might symbolise,  
For sometimes they were flowers of sleep and death;  
But on the amphoras all things seemed written  
Which have to do with thirst. And there are dreams  
Painted on some, in which the colored desert  
Becomes a nightmare, and the human form,  
Stripped by its torment of humanity,  
Changes to something else; and there are dreams  
As well, of shapes who know heroic paths  
Which in the end will lead men to new springs.  
Something alluvial is in the motion  
Of these who save the race:  
They are the cousins of the flowing rivers;  
They are like mountain streams which fall asleep  
In the being of blue lakes.

Then at last I,  
Moved by these visions of a hard-pressed race,

Heard what a young Aridian had to say  
Of amphoras. "Before the world was desert,  
So many years ago we may not count them,  
We were a mighty race, and dwelt in flowers:  
Our fields of corn drifted to the horizon,  
Our flocks had pasture. Then disaster came:  
One rainfall less each year, and each decade  
One spring gone dry, and each one hundred years  
Another river wasted in the sands:  
Such is the legend of our desolation.  
But we were nurtured in lacustrine gardens;  
The breasts of our first mothers were like roses.  
We are not children of aridity.  
We have saved what we could of that first age,  
And struggling for our lives, do not forget it;  
Now, with death always near us, we esteem  
The water of life beyond all other gifts,  
And reconcile ourselves to leave behind  
The paths in which our fathers once were great,  
To exercise a skill in amphoras.  
Our dead and dying whisper of amphoras;  
So do our children; and the very sands,  
And the mountains with gaunt flanks. It is a land  
Of endless whispering of amphoras.  
Such is our life: we decorate what saves us."

"And these designs?"

"We have seen living trees  
Where trees are not; we have seen lakes and streams  
On the red mesa in the trembling air,  
Not as mirages, but as things of truth,  
Where they could never be. Rocks have gushed forth  
In dews; rainbows have arched the cactus;  
Watery winds under great crystal stars  
Have blown us to Elysium; and with hearts  
Filled with mysterious and prophetic thoughts

We, the last children of a vanished race,  
Search north and south, and east and west, for water;  
We search the world, yes, and we search our hearts,  
Exploring each year farther: the white bones  
Of heroes mark the courses of our trails.  
Encircled and besieged, it is our hope  
To break the web of death,  
And fight afar to where the frontiers loom:  
What if behind those hills a sky-blue lake,  
Born of the snow, awaits us to be mined  
And led across the intervening waste?  
And what if we might bring through hidden sluices  
The water which means life and youth and love  
To these old valleys? If a thousand fountains  
Might sparkle on the mesa? If great harvests  
Sustained a city where the young and old  
Never cried out for food, and died without it?  
If these things could ensue, should we forget  
What we have learned? I think that no black thought  
Would separate us then from one another,  
Nor one of us from water: Eden might be,  
To last in rapture through what coming ages  
Man may inherit ere the earth grow cold."

"But if there be no lake past yonder hills?"  
I asked. "And if no rain should fall next year?"

He answered me:

"The lake may not be there, but it is somewhere.  
I know that she who bore us has provided.  
But we must strive to help her, we must follow,  
And that is what our amphoras are saying,  
And that is why they fill the mind with flowers.  
Surely she cannot bring us ease forever,  
And surely she loves most those men who die  
Desiring to assist her. They are most  
Her sons — this, too, our amphoras are saying —  
Who give her blindness eyes, articulate

Her silent wishes, and her chains release,  
Because they love her and are part of her.  
The blossomed branches which our fathers knew  
And wandered in beneath a magic moon,  
Have perished; they were made of thirsty earth,  
And lived too far from water. Ours it is  
To search for streams, to die perhaps in searching,  
Until our passion finds its goal, and we  
Can irrigate the ancient sands again,  
And plant the living seed."

"And yet," I said,  
"Have you consented to deceive yourself?  
It may be that the earth is not our mother.  
It may be that the earth is cold and lifeless,  
Something of which 'twere better not to think."

The thin face lighted as he answered me,  
Not in reproof, "The earth is what we make it.  
A soul like mine knows not the reach of doubt  
Which is the torment of a soul like yours.  
If we be motherless, still are we men,  
And can die calmly, rendering to the desert  
The earth it gave us, shaped to amphoras,  
And made more beautiful by us who, suffering,  
Changed into dreams our thirst."

He said no more,  
But led me up and down the city's stairways  
And showed me water-jars which held no water,  
And yet were fairer than all other jars  
From which men drink, unthinking. And I see  
Before my eyes to-day those surfaces,  
Covered with human bodies and with flowers,  
And think of tender flower-roots and tendrils  
And the invisible live nerves of men,  
Feeling the way across the blistering sands  
In the hope of reservoirs.

## ARKANSAS

By RAYMOND WEEKS

This is not a story. It is not a history. It is a fact.

One cannot say that Arkansas belonged to Alphonse Jaccard or that Alphonse belonged to her. They belonged to each other. In all the annals of Jackson County there is no record of a more mutual affection nor of a more mysterious end. A few of the oldest inhabitants still remember their close union, their constant companionship, their disappearance in a blaze of glory.

It all began at the County Fair. The Martin hogs had won all the first prizes except one, while the Jaccard hogs had received only seconds. Tom Martin began all the trouble. As he stood looking at his blue ribboned grunters he declared:

"In the matter of pigs we can beat the world."

Now, this was wrong of Tom. We ought to be modest in victory. Alphonse Jaccard spoke up:

"Hum! anybody can raise fat hogs! As for speed and sense, your hogs ain't nowhere!"

In judging this remark of Alphonse, you should bear in mind the long line of Jaccards and their glorious record: the walls of their parlor were hung with blue ribbons. Since the death of old Mr. Jaccard four years before, the eclipse of the family had begun. Not that no ambitious Jaccards were left; there were plenty of them — five sons and four daughters, all reared in veneration of the past. But victory avoided them. For three consecutive seasons the County Fair had left the Jaccards broken in spirit, baffled, crushed. They returned home in silence and tears and hardly spoke all winter. They did not love one another less for their misfortunes — only, what use was there for words? Would they bring back lost glory? So you will understand Alphonse — you will understand him and sympathize with him when he said:



"Hum! anybody can raise fat hogs. As for speed and sense, your hogs ain't nowhere!"

Tom Martin answered insolently:

"I'll run my pigs against yourn this minute or at the next fair!"

And Alphonse Jaccard replied:

"Next fair, so be it! A race of yearlings!"

Thus was the gauntlet thrown down in the presence of bearded men and breathless women.

Excitement spread throughout Linwood, throughout the county. Two days later, neighbors came to the Jaccard farm to talk with Alphonse. They learned that he had gone, nor would the family say where. Tom Martin declared that Alphonse had left the country for good. But just wait, Tom! wait and watch! Fate has something in store for you! One cannot forever trample upon the unfortunate.

Now, of course you wonder where Alphonse was. Where do you suppose? Five days after the close of the County Fair he was riding Bonny, his best saddle horse, through the valleys of Arkansas! That's speed for you! The valleys did not delay him long. His proud spirit was not looking for valleys, but pigs. He made for the mountains. Nothing stopped him, neither fine cooking nor beautiful maidens nor enchanting scenery. He rode with set features and indifferent eye. People marveled at this cold, handsome young man from the north country. His bearing, his horse and saddle and the three hounds that accompanied him, bespoke the gentleman. Perhaps he was a fugitive from justice? Yes! that must be it! Brave men admired him, soft-eyed women sighed when he had passed. The whole State of Arkansas was his for the asking. But it was not the State of Arkansas that Alphonse wanted!

Among the cone-like small mountains of Arkansas live, as you of course know, the famous wild pigs of America. These noble beasts formerly possessed the entire north-

ern continent. They held their own against the Indians, but the Pale Faces, with their cruel and treacherous firearms, forced them slowly into the mountain fastness of Arkansas. The pigs would never have yielded in fair fight, but their generous nature hates treachery and cowardice. They retired, therefore, more through contempt than fear.

Travelers and scientists who want to study the pig under conditions approaching, though not equaling, his former splendor, are accustomed to go to Arkansas. There they see him master of a wild and beautiful domain, all of whose peaks and valleys, rivers and lakes, caverns, forests, paths, thickets and lairs are as familiar to him as your pockets are to you. In his architecture he differs notably from the degenerate brutes called pigs which have been imported from Europe. He is long, thin, wiry, made of bones, nerves and muscles. He can run so fast as to make a dog seem a turtle. Accordingly, if he runs from dogs, as he sometimes does, it is purely out of love of running. At any moment he can turn around and shake any dog into thistle down. His sense of hearing is as remarkable as his sense of sight. His intelligence is as great as his beauty. In short, he is a pig that is a pig!

It will never be known how Alphonse managed to capture a sucking pig of this illustrious stock. That he did so and escaped alive is proof that he was a hero. He always refused to tell how he did it. We can only imagine his seizure of the tiny treasure, its squeals, his mad flight to where his horse waited, the pursuit through the mountain fastnesses of two hundred indignant and infuriated relatives of the victim, their cries and grunts and oaths and snorts and jibberings, the labored breathing of the horse fleeing from death and horror! No other man ever accomplished such a feat. The bones of many who tried it are preserved as trophies by the pigs of Arkansas.

No sow ever cared for her baby with greater tender-

ness than Alphonse for his little prisoner. He carried it at first in his bosom, later on a soft bed of cotton in a sack which he hung from his neck. He stopped at every cabin and house to give it warm milk, and taught it to drink from a bottle. He petted it and talked to it for hours as he rode. The little thing wept for days and called for its mama. At last, however, it began to nestle close to his body, especially at night-fall. Alphonse sang it to sleep with old French songs which he had learned from his mother.

What saved the life of the captured baby was not so much the care which it received as the affection back of that care, for Alphonse, when he had definitely escaped from his pursuers and had been able to look at and to fondle his captive, felt that it was the most intelligent and lovable little creature in the world. Accordingly, he loved it with what proved to be the passion of his life. They both longed for sympathy and love. They were made for each other.

Not until he had crossed the frontier into Missouri did Alphonse feel safe from pursuit and arrest at the hands of the Governor of Arkansas. What a relief to reach his native State, to be able to caress and look freely at the baby pig! He took it out from its sack, petted its curly brown hair, its silky ears, pressed it against his cheek and neck. He noted in detail its beauty, looked into its deep, intelligent eyes and, transported out of himself, he felt that only one name would fit the lovely creature: he named her Arkansas!

There was a memorable scene one night at the Jaccard house. The family had just finished supper when the beat of hoofs was heard coming rapidly. They all rushed to the door with one name on their lips. Alphonse arrived, tossed the rein to the hired man, got down from the saddle with care, holding something in his arms, caressed an instant with one hand the face of his faithful Bonny and hurried into the house. He embraced all the

family, motioned to have the door and window blinds closed, then drew tenderly from the sack the mite of a piglet and exclaimed in French:

"This is Miss Arkansas! Long life to her!"

He sat down and held her in his arms. The family crowded around. For a few moments Arkansas lay there blinking at the light and the strange faces, then she closed her eyes and tried to bury herself in Alphonse's bosom. He pressed her to his neck and cheek, humming the low song that she knew best. She did not squeal, as vulgar pigs do, but uttered a sweet little plaint, interrupted by tiny sobs, while a tear rolled from each eye. She was thinking of her mama, her brothers and sisters and brave family in the Far Country.

Needless to say, Arkansas slept that night and for many weeks in a snug box, close by Alphonse's bed. He gave her warm milk and tended her like a sick infant. If any one had suggested fixing a place for her in one of the stables, Alphonse would have said to him: "Go there yourself!"

I will not delay you with a long account of Arkansas' education, although the subject would prove of interest to pedagogues. Let it suffice to give a few details. At the age of less than three weeks, she knew how to eat from a bowl without putting her feet in it. She had inherited all of the native neatness of the pigs of Arkansas. Her feet and skin she kept immaculate, which added to her beauty, for she had a lovely clear pink complexion. By the time she was a month old, she understood French perfectly and could already speak several words, such as: "Hein!", which means: "Excuse me, Sir [or Madam], what did you say?" Or: "Allons!", which means: "If you have no objection, sir [or Madam], let us start." Could you have done as well at the age of one month? She also knew how to distinguish from the sound of the horn the different meals — breakfast, dinner, supper. While not expansive toward visitors, she received them

with courtesy and was equally polite to all. She soon began to pick up English and in time understood it quite well, though she naturally preferred French and her own language.

From the first, Arkansas was a prime favorite. The dogs idolized her. They used to run to her and kiss her good morning. They played hide-and-seek and tag with her. It was a delight to watch these games. She enjoyed almost equal popularity with the cats, chickens, ducks, geese, horses, cows and mules. They all regarded her as a princess.

But Arkansas' great favorite, her sunlight and her comfort, was, and remained, Alphonse! She worshipped him. She followed him all over the farm, keeping close behind him and talking to him almost continuously. Before she was two months old, he had taught her to start running at a signal and to return at another. Her progress was rapid.

There was on the farm only one animal with which Arkansas refused to have anything to do, and that was the pigs. She despised and hated them as coarse, swollen, dirty, loathsome, degenerate caricatures of a noble race. She never went into their lot nor paid any attention to them, although they often spoke to her through the fence.

Winter passed, spring, mid-summer. September arrived, the month of the great trial! The heart of Jackson County almost ceased to beat, so intense was the excitement. There were more than thirty pigs entered for the speed contest. Large wagers were put up, with the odds favoring Arkansas, partly because of her family descent and romantic history, partly because no one was more respected and beloved than the handsome, silent young man of twenty-five, who was her master, Alphonse Jacquard, whose name stood as a synonym for honesty, generosity and loyalty.

It had been the happiest year of Alphonse's life. For

the last week before the great event, he had slept in the open air near Arkansas's little house. He feared trouble. Then, too, the moon was approaching full, and he had noticed that at such times Arkansas seemed to be melancholy, that she remembered then more than at other times the Far Country where her family waited for her. She did not conceal her longing from him. On the contrary, she used to lean against his leg with a soft pressure when they stood watching the full moon rise at bed time, and she used to say, looking off to the Southland with her nose in the air: "Ah! Ah!", which was her pronunciation of Arkansas, the Far Country.

The day for the great race arrived. All of the beauty and chivalry of the county were gathered there, as well as everybody else. The farms were entirely deserted. One of the Jaccard boys had ridden Bonny over to the fair early in the day, to be sure that all arrangements had been made. Alphonse came in a big wagon with the rest of the family, including Arkansas, to whom he had carefully explained what was to take place. They planned so as to arrive only a few minutes before the race, whereas most of Arkansas' rivals had been there for days, the judges having granted permission for all entries to become acquainted with the track at times when it was not in use.

The great race was to be the final event of the afternoon. An immense throng was present, fully two thousand persons. The grand-stand was packed with sturdy farmers, their red faced wives, rosy cheeked daughters and brown cheeked boys. Hundreds sat and stood in wagons or perched on the branches of trees. There was no breeze. The dust of previous races hung in a soft haze over the landscape. The squealing and grunting of the entries for the race could be heard, mingled with loud exclamations and tender cajolings of their masters and seconds.

Emotion rose to the breaking point half an hour before

the race. Where was Alphonse? Where was Arkansas? The questions passed from lip to lip. As for the Martins, they were there in force. Tom looked pale, as was inevitable when the reputation and the glory of the family were at stake. His father, the Major, his mother and his sister Bessie, tried to remain calm, but showed their nervousness.

At last the Jaccards and Arkansas arrived. The rumor spread like lightning: "They have come!" The families of the other entries turned pale. Finally, from the judges' stand came the signal: "Get ready, gentlemen!"

Then followed the loudest clamor of squeals and grunts that has ever been heard at a race course. The owners and attendants dragged, pulled, pushed and drove to the track the more than thirty entries, and one is forced to admit that they — I mean the entries — were a handsome lot of porkers. Each one had a number tied about his neck and a rope to a hind foot. The rope was to be detached at the last moment, when the chief judge should cry: "One! two! three! Go!!!" The mob of the entries crowded to the inside of the track, to get the advantage. Where so much is at stake, no precaution should be neglected.

A murmur of admiration burst from the immense throng when Alphonse and Arkansas appeared, walking side by side, she being unattached by any vile and dishonoring rope. They walked slowly, conversing as quietly as if on their farm. He was calling her his treasure, his delight, his darling, his Arkansas, and she looked up at him out of her black eyes and said: "Have no fear, Alphonse!"

She paid not the least attention to the grunting, squealing horde of her rivals, but one could see that her nose curled in unutterable contempt.

It is now necessary to mention one thing about Arkansas which I have intentionally deferred. I have more

than once spoken of her beauty, which was of the purest type, but I have not stated that her two left legs were slightly shorter than their right mates. This was due to one of the peculiar habits of the Arkansas pigs. Allow me to explain.

For centuries these pigs, whose social life is most complex, have recognized the principle of private ownership of property. Each family or clan owns a hill or mountain, where its members pass their time. A member of another clan is forbidden to walk or forage on that mountain, unless by special invitation. Furthermore, the mountains are cone-shaped. But this is not all: the families or clans always walk or run around their mountain *in the same direction*. The result of this is that all Arkansas pigs, without exception, have their legs shorter on one side than on the other. Time is lacking to enlarge on this well known fact, whose origins lie concealed behind the mists of antiquity. All Arkansas pigs are either lefters or righters, and naturally run on a curve. *Any* pig can run straight!

Now, Alphonse, with his keen intelligence, saw the bearing of this fact. He accordingly stole his prize from among the lefters: Arkansas was a lefter. You will readily see the immense advantage which her form of architecture gave her on a race course where the contestants had the judges, and consequently the inside of the track, on their left hand.

The fated moment arrived. The chief judge, Col. Milt McGee, proud of his rôle, called in a tremendous voice: "Are you ready? One! Two! Three! Go!!!" Oh! my friends, what a race was there! The squealing, squirming mob was off, at least most of them, launched by violent kicks. The crowd arose en masse. Their shouts shook the hills and would have been heard clear to the Missouri River, if there had been any one there to hear them. Against a background of unsurpassed beauty a great historical event was taking place. The spectators



knew this. They also knew that they were present looking at it and that they knew that they were looking at it. Accordingly their excitement and enthusiasm swept silence off the earth!

As I have said, the contestants had started in the mad race. Each one had been told to do or die. The people looked down on a surging mass of rumps, tails and flopping ears. Never since the time of the Greeks had so much vieing ambition torn around a race course. Never had contestants talked so much to one another as they ran, so intense was their excitement.

But, you ask, what of Arkansas? She and her master had taken their place on the outer side, in the most unfavorable position. At the moment of starting, Alphonse, who was bending over Arkansas, said in her ear: "Go, little treasure! Go, little angel!" And she went! She was built for it! Being constructed to run on a curve, she fitted the race track, and being thin — an enemy might have said too thin — her flight through the air caused almost no friction. She did not appear to be running; she seemed to glide through the air, close to the earth but not touching it and not of it. The Martins, where were they? And the other entries? They seemed to be standing still or even running backward when Arkansas passed them. As she swept by the grand-stand on the first lap, not one of her rivals had even come into sight at the bend of the track! It was only when she passed right in front of you like a cannon ball that you could catch a glimpse of little black hoofs walking on the air. She passed as a flash from a mirror would pass, yet she kept her bearings, and, as she swept by an island of French where Alphonse and the family stood, they thought they saw her wink at them!

Oh! the love of a pig! the unequalled, the magnificent Arkansas!

She ran faster and faster. When she passed by on the third and supposedly last lap she was going so rapidly

that the judges' hats blew off. She knew that the race was won, but she saw in front of her the vile mob of her rivals who were almost an entire lap behind. She gave a little flirt of her hind quarters, just to signal to the judges that she knew what she was doing, and tore on around the dizzy track for a fourth time. She finished the extra lap amidst a frenzied scene of enthusiasm that shook the earth. With cries of "Arkansas! Arkansas!", the vast crowd surged over the track. But she did not hear their cries. She was in the arms of Alphonse, who was weeping like an infant. Ah! Alphonse! why did you not die that moment?

At last the judges, led by Col. McGee, forced their way to where Arkansas and the family stood. The Colonel himself wound her glorious neck with streamers of blue ribbon, while another judge tied a tuft to her tail. She received with becoming modesty these badges of victory. They all noticed that she was not breathing faster than in repose, and that she had not turned a hair. The judges also decked with blue ribbons the broad straw hat of Alphonse, the lapel of his coat, his happy mother and sisters and even the saddle of Bonny.

The great sun went down through the golden dust and the crowd finally began to disperse. Arkansas and Alphonse had left the race track. She had leaped into the wagon unaided. Alphonse had followed and sat down by her. At that moment she beheld, pale and ghostly through the haze, the full orb of the rising moon. She was seen to whisper something into Alphonse's ear, to give him a single, tender glance, then to jump from the wagon and start off, running toward the west. Alphonse turned deathly pale. He not only had heard what she had whispered, he knew her — he knew her from the life lines on her hoofs to the hair on her back. With a mere wave of farewell to his mother, he leaped out of the wagon, unhitched Bonny, mounted her like a flash and was gone! The assembled thousands stood spell-bound.

They saw Arkansas running rapidly, her blue trophies fluttering in the air. She turned her head at times to see if Alphonse was following. Indeed he was! Never had Bonny run as then, except perhaps the night when they stole the baby pig. The throng watched them breathlessly, until at the crest of a hill they saw faintly a last flutter of the blue ribbon on Alphonse's hat; then they broke as one man, rushed to the swift saddle horses, and made off in mad pursuit of Alphonse and Arkansas.

Ride hard, brave men and courageous boys! Gallop, horses! Cut into tatters the prairies and the fields! You do not know that the flutter of blue over the hill was the last you are ever to see of the unfortunate Alphonse Jaccard! . . .

There are those who will tell you, my listeners, that this whole affair is only a dream—that it never happened. They are persons who were not present. Do not believe them!

For months, tales drifted in from the Indians and traders to the west and southwest of us—tales of a phantom pig and a spectre horseman, of their furious course, of beseeching cries, songs and whistling heard in the night. Piously and with sinking hearts we pieced together these rumors. Alas! there could be no doubt! Arkansas, running true to her architecture, had described a vast curve, which turned gradually toward the south, with all the inevitability of mathematics! Finally, an Indian brought in the hat of Alphonse, still decked, O pathos! with a piece of blue ribbon. He had found it in the direction of the Verdigris River, two hundred miles away! Then the most stupid among us understood. Arkansas had transcribed her inherited curve across the limitless prairies and desolate plains of Kansas Territory, down through the corner of Indian Territory and into her native State of Arkansas, carrying in her wake her beloved master. There was no hope!

## LOGS

By M. A. SHAW

"Prosaic as logs?" Not so. They cry out of poetry; and distance, the essence of romance. In the round of their hundred seasons, on what still earth, needle strewn or snow covered, under what unchanging green roof, did they once point to the sky? Nay, more. For them, wives have been lonely for months, the men in a quarter of the frozen North to break the roofs of green and let the stars shine on the prone logs and disturbed snow; or, the hard season gone, to gather at dark and separate at dawn, while the 'drive', current carried, goes slowly on the quiet places or takes its fierce leap at the 'chutes', to be bruised and barked on the rocky sides.

Scattered on the long shore of the Georgian Bay, one finds these logs, lost from many a tow, barked for the most part — yellow or red or white, clean and shiny with the wash of a hundred waves. One comes to look upon them as a part of the place, to conceive a liking for them as for the trees trailing east. The canoeist on a long trip down the bay, taking at a venture the open between far-out points, will meet one miles out, isolated as himself, lifted and lowered on the long swell; sometimes in the dark hours, snug in his tent from wind and rain, he will turn to sleep with an unaccountable touch of fear at the sound of one or two dunting and dunting the rocks; but in the clean, quiet world of the morning after will see only with delight their still-wet, naked bodies shining in the sun.

They are everywhere. On far-out islands they lie or in deep bays, gray with years or new from the last cut; in sheltered shallow nooks, dead heads, they are sunken save for an end; and they are towed the bay's long length by thousands in boom bags, sometimes caught in a storm, now and then with admirable skill cuddled in perfect

shelter till it blows itself out. At the deep end of an estuary one may find a thousand-foot slide built for their safe passage over the last leap of a river into the bay; or he may find his way nearly blocked by the cages, at whose doors stand men with quick eyes for end stamps — hearts or circles or what not — indicating the different companies operating on the same river; while in almost any of the scattered harbors of the bay, acres of logs wait to be fed into the mills. Even at this late date, with the edge of the pine country far away from it, every town on the Georgian Bay would suffer economically if logs were removed from it; some would even cease to exist. That is evident. But it is not so evident that if this playground had not been bordered by pine forests, if the rivers flowing into it did not even yet tap their far-away edges, it would be robbed of much interest and pleasure. Logs of one kind or another and their hazardous manipulation on it and on the rivers flowing into it have created an atmosphere romantic and melancholy, the atmosphere of old unhappy far-off things.

The second falls from the 'Bay on the Musquosh River is called the Sandy-Gray Falls. Every member of the Madawaska Club, the large tourist colony at Go Home Bay, knows it well. But it is more than a falls; it is the centre for a tradition. One may hear of it from far off. To my inquiry at a town on the 'Bay forty miles from it as to the origin of the name, I was asked hesitatingly if I were a relative of Sandy's; and upon saying that I was not, I was told with reluctance and fear that Sandy Gray, foreman of a river-driving gang, had been drowned at the fall because he had attempted to break a log jam *on Sunday morning*. At a town even farther away, the story went that Sandy had received sudden punishment for blasphemy. "Boys," he had said to his men that morning, "we'll break the jam or breakfast in hell!" He did both, so my informant went on; for the moving of the key log which he finally accomplished freed the whole

jam so quickly that Sandy was carried down with it. From Dave the half breed I picked up a slightly different version. There is the same splendid victory-or-death defiance, but the details of how the effort was made are, even if improbable, much more interesting. In a noose at the middle of a long rope was tied Sandy Gray, drive foreman, whose logs were jammed at the falls now bearing his name. The ends of the rope were passed over the limbs of trees, one on each side of the river, so that when the jam was freed Sandy could be hoisted clear. Alas! the speed was not fast enough: rope and all, he was borne to his destined end.

It happened that I was to get something like evidence about Sandy Gray. A few years ago I talked with a man who was in Gray's outfit when the accident occurred, although he did not actually see it. He was so old when I saw him that there was some sign of dotage; but I piece together his incoherent story for what it is worth, feeling sure that in spite of it the traditional one will still live. Immediately after the breaking up of the ice in the spring of 1867, Sandy Gray left Gravenhurst to float five thousand sticks of square timber, each sixty feet long, to the waters of the Georgian Bay. Reluctantly but hopefully he went; for when the work was done (romantic touch!) he was to return and marry the daughter of a tavern-keeper in that town; and by late June he came to the fatal fall.

As one looks now at the comparatively small volume of water tumbling down the steep-sloping drop of twenty feet or more, one wonders how such pieces ever could be got over. There is a slide far gone in decay at one side, and an old crib at the brink showing that the water could be raised eight or ten feet; but I did not gather from the old man that these were built at the time. For two or three hundred yards above the fall, is a fairly swift, slow-curving rapid; and into this, increased many fold in volume, the timbers one by one were let and sent over

the fall. By mischance, or carelessness on the drivers' part, a stick instead of going straight on over, struck the bank, swung around, and lodging against the other side, blocked the way. There it was, bent so much by the powerful river that it was at first thought a second stick coming end-on would break it. Not so. The drive was held up. Finally Gray did what is almost unbelievable: he stepped on the swaying timber to nick it with his axe: it broke suddenly and he was carried over.

So run the different stories; of the actual facts there is no record; but the certainties are the falls bearing his name; on a point a mile down, a rude board with the simple *Alex. Gray, 1867*, cut with a knife; and for forty miles around among men of the mill towns on the bay whose lives are lived with logs the atmosphere of an old fatality.

About the whole lumbering industry from forest to mill, from mill to consumer, there lurks for me a fascination that leaps out and has me by the throat when I touch any of its wide ramifications. And if any spot could be called the heart of the industry, it is the Georgian Bay. Standing by a big gang saw in one of its hive-mills, one is a kind of Mr. Facing-both-ways: backward to logs and drives and primeval forests; forward to lumber and buildings and all the useful containers for civilized men. But for me always the backward view: the solemnity of a forest unviolated; the "stranger's bed" in far-off lumber camps. Kindly, considerate, and elemental I have found with scarcely an exception these men of the woods and waters. One late August, a French-Canadian from Montreal, seven hundred miles away (he wouldn't see his family again till spring, he said), cried out when I offered pay for 'toting' my canoe over his twelve-mile cadge route: "You don't owe me notin". Rivermen have always been friendly. They may have made night and day hideous in one of the 'Bay towns while their year's wage lasted, but they have given me in



the woods when I needed it, their unstinted aid. A sort of wild freedom characterizes their river work: it appeals to the dash of youth; and for the imaginative Frenchman, its fitting symbols are the gay bandana and the flaming sock. But it is trying work; little wonder if when youth is gone, the high spirits begin, at the end of a long drive, to flag.

Such an end I fell in with recently on the Wahnapiatae River, near where it falls into the Georgian Bay. The tail of the drive, jammed at a rapid, filled the river a half mile back. Though but little after nine, a man was paddling a kettle of tea to a convenient spot for the group's morning 'snack', the regular cooking outfit being all in the long-pointed boat, the cook waiting for a chance to set up at the portage. Afternoon saw the logs free enough for us, with the help of the drivers, to work through, only to be held up a mile farther down by another jam, at the end of which we could see the two men who were watching the van. Next morning this was free: we made another advance, to be stopped again; and this last jam, the two men — a man and a boy, rather — were just setting out to relieve.

Late night brought them back, wet to the waist. They made slight changes in their clothing, had supper of ham and bread and tea, and were about to lie down for the night when I stepped over to have a talk. I thought I had never looked into a more depressing face than the man's — thin to emaciation, with lustreless blue eyes. His hair was streaked with gray; and when he spoke all hope seemed gone from his monotonous voice. True, every other word was a curse, but it was all so mild and feeble as to be utterly without effect.

"Do you smoke?" I said, offering my tobacco.

"Yes, he did, but he had such a blank blank pain in his blank blank side that he had almost decided not to fill up that night"; and I thought it a tribute to his cordiality that he did finally load a pipe.



The long twilight had just gone dark. Stillness was on the woods. Up from the river the quiet sound of the current at the bend; now and then the bunt of a log on the jam farther down.

'He had been in the woods all winter; and when the ice broke, they began the drive, nearly two hundred miles back.' (Many blank blanks.)

His companion was a boy of nearly twenty, fresh as the morning. At his open throat, a cross was suspended by a string round his neck. It seemed he could not keep still. Suddenly a toad leaped from the bushes into the little open space: the boy was on it like a flash, caught it, let it go, caught it again.

"It's a blank blank life," continued the man, paying no attention to the other; "early and late, wet all day — never again!" 'Yes, we should probably get through next afternoon.'

But we did not wait; and I came up with him next morning near noon. He stood in water to the knees, keeping the logs off a reef in a rather slow shallow rapid. We had carried our stuff a half mile through the woods, crossed the river by an unaccountable lane in the jam, pushed our way through fifty feet of crowded logs (one hour's sheer toil), and again carried the stuff another three-quarters of a mile to where the logs were moving free a hundred yards above the rapid.

I thought I could easily push through them to the portage at the other side, but in the very centre I found myself in the midst of twenty or thirty. "Here's the early and untimely end of my cedar canoe," I thought, with my heart in my mouth. I felt sure the man saw me, but he never moved. Then it flashed in on me that if there had been real danger, the old man, nimble as a squirrel, would have been over the logs to my rescue. He did not speak or make a sign. I was fast in, holding my paddle up, the canoe lined with logs on both sides. Very quickly we swept down past him.

"The blank blank things will spread when you get down a little distance good bye," he said.

"Oh, good," I managed to say; "how's the pain?"

"Better, *thank God!*"

And scarcely a mile farther down we saw from a high bluff one of those long French River estuaries of the Georgian Bay, filled to the eye's limit with free-flowing logs. . . .

When the captain of a tow-boat leaves French River on the long hundred-mile journey to the lower end of the 'Bay, he takes his life into his hands; for though trip after trip may be made in comparatively quiet water, sudden and fierce storms are possible at any time — and then it is a different story.

Such a storm fell on the Georgian Bay in early August a few years ago. On one of the outer islands I had pitched my tent in perfect shelter, though but a hundred feet from the shore open to the full Lake Huron. For two days and nights the breaking water roared and the wind in the trees was like steam escaping from a hundred locomotives. I was in the quiet centre of a whirlpool of sound.

The third day the wind fell; the water leveled; the sun came forth again; the Georgian Bay seemed somehow more beautiful to me because I had with a kind of awe looked for a period at her terrible power. From an afternoon of talk on the east side of the island with chance visitors who could again venture out from sheltered inside quarters, I walked into the adventure of the day — the coming of the logs. There, more than fronting the whole island, fifty yards out, came slowly a mighty raft of logs — sixty thousand or more — a great golden-brown raft, in the afternoon sun rising and falling on the tiny swell, a dull crackle of myriad rubbings filling all my world. I was besieged by an army of logs; no, visited; a most romantic visit, quiet, unexpected, mysterious — suggestive of distance. And then, doubling my wonder,

came the assurance that the vast raft, perfectly intact, was not enclosed by a boom. It was hard to believe the evidence of sight. By what subtle power had these many unfettered individuals been held together on the wide spaces of the Georgian Bay? The great mass touched the shore of the island, swung round the ends, filled the channels, divided on other islands, and into the deeper bays slowly disappeared, all but about five hundred that had been pushed on to the shelving rocks of my own island; and when in the night another storm beat upon that coast, the noise of these pounding the rocks, I who am country bred could liken to nothing but the feet of horses, a hundred it seemed like, heard from the stable below, pounding the barn floor at a rush with the load up the high driveway. For two hours I steeped my ears, with a strange pleasure, in that unforgettable sound.

A year or two afterwards I fell into talk with a man at a boat landing. He was a lake captain and knew what it was to go reeling down the Georgian Bay on the late last trip of the season, the ship ice from stem to stern, from water-line to spar top. But he had recently been on tow boats; and I told him about the coming of the logs, giving him the exact date and year. "I remember the storm well," he said. "Three boats got caught in it and had to let go. One raft went on a reef, one went to the Giant's Tomb, and one went in to you. That was mine. When I left French River on that trip, I had not been out long before I knew something was coming. I headed out for the open bay; if you're in clear water you can hold on. The storm came and I held; for forty-eight hours I hung on without leaving the wheel, the seas going green over us, six feet deep; and it was only when I saw that we were near a group of far-out islands and making straight for them that I gave the order to let go. It was either that or lose tug and crew."

One morning on tranquil and sunlit water, I went from a barge high laden with lumber to a tug. Where the

spaces of the Georgian Bay are fairly wide, it had left its tow of logs to bring us from Port Severn, at the extreme lower end of the 'Bay, through a narrow and intricate channel, out to those same wider spaces where there was room either for the barge itself to sail or a king barge to pick it up. If I remember aright it took us a half hour to come out, but with three bags of logs behind, it took us all day to go the same distance in. And when the captain at the boat landing told me his story, I tried to turn that slow day of mine on tranquil and sunlit water into his forty-eight hours of pit night and murky day and fierce wind, and seas going six feet green over a boat almost helpless, tied to a deadly-retarding, sixty-thousand-log load.

## THE SCARLET ONE

By GEORGE CARVER

### I

The crowd swept together like leaves of the aspen blown by the four winds into one heap. From the village of Nahum it gathered, from the sea's edge, and from the fields along the road into the country beyond, leaving the village empty, the fishing boats riding idly at anchor, and the fields stripped of husbandmen although the month was Sivan, season of wheat harvest.

To the woman who had been drawn by the excitement into joining the throng it all seemed a vast shouting, a deafening clamor, a terrifying confusion. She stopped a ten pace distance from the outer rim of the seething, swirling mass, dismayed by the uproar. In front of her, stretching across the road and into the fields on both sides, she saw a surging maelstrom of humanity. There were frenzied cries, wild gestures, desperate crowdings, kaleidoscopic changes of color as the reds, blues, browns, whites of the flying robes mingled against the golden green of the fields, the yellow of the road, and the opal of the sky. Fishermen with nets still wet from the last casting jostled reapers carrying hooks green stained as if used but moments before; money changers struggled for place fast clutching their boxes; ox-drivers, water-carriers, muleteers bore toward the center; soldiers, weapons and armour flashing in the afternoon sun, shouldered their way forward. The greater part of the concourse, however, was composed of the maimed, some on crutches, others with arms swinging stiffly at their sides, a few with the silver-white faces of lepers, and many with the strained, haunted aspect of those possessed. The whole smote the senses of the woman like a chaos of color, motion, sound.

For not more than a minute was she dismayed, though, curiosity as to the cause of the tumult overpowering her timidity. Seeing an opportunity to worm herself into the press she stepped quickly forward to stand within its border, her softly undulating limbs, the contour of her splendid hips and voluptuous breasts revealed beneath her thin white garments by the rapidity of her movements. Instantly she was recognized. Shouts, maledictions were showered upon her:

"Scarlet one."

"Harlot."

"Loose fish."

"Begone."

"Trample her."

"Throw her to the soldiers."

Hands reached out to strike her, to drag her down, but a powerful arm grasped her around the waist and lifted her bodily out of the circle.

Once out of the confusion, safe from those who would have injured her, she touched lightly the hand that held her right side and, shifting her body to rest luxuriously against that of him who had so timefully rescued her, looked up into his face.

He was much taller than she, his skin tanned almost to bronze, his eyes black and piercing and awakened now to sparks of desire, his mouth a thin, cruel line under a dark beard. As he met the eyes upturned to him and saw the olive depths of them, the white oval of the face with its full rose mouth enticingly curved, all framed round by hair tawny like a flame, he bent to her ear and whispered: "Fruit of the clove, come, thou art mine." And at his words a slow smile flooded her eyes until she drooped her long lashes, and her mouth parted in a maddening ellipse.

They cast hurried glances about them on both sides of the road for a path across the fields. Finding one that seemed to lead to a small grove of aloes about a thousand paces to the left, they started toward it.

But they stopped and remained standing, rigidly expectant. For from the center of the turmoil there emerged three words, three sharply distinct words which, over-riding the babel by sheer force of concentrated energy, imposed their will: "Silence! The Master!"

And there was made a great quiet. Not a whisper arose from the many. They stood as if painted against a background of green-gold, yellow, and opal.

Then came a voice, low at first but resonant and of an ineffable sweetness; and increasing in volume from word to word it penetrated throughout the whole gathering.

"I am the bread of life," it began; "he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst."

At the first words the woman shook off the hands that clasped her. She crept back to the edge of the circle of listeners and remained unnoticed by them. The expression in her face had changed; what a few moments before had been the face of one long given over to the flesh became as that of a child eager to learn — the eyes opened wide, losing their hardness, the mouth threw off its lasciviousness and assumed a gentle curve, the lines pencilled around mouth and eyes by debauch had been erased. She bent slightly forward, an air of fascinated interest suffusing her whole figure.

The voice continued: "For I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me.

"And this is the Father's will that hath sent me, that of all which he hath given me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again the last day."

The face of the woman took on the seeming of one inspired. She fell on her knees and lifted her hands, gripped tightly together, to the level of her bowed head.

"And this is the will of him that sent me, that everyone which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life: And I will raise him up the last day."

And the woman — hearing — threw herself face down-

ward in the dust of the road, weeping as from a heart overflowing. The crowd began to disperse and would have trampled upon her unwittingly, but the man, who during the teaching had held himself aloof, a sneer of disdain sharpening his ruthless countenance, sprang to her and, lifting her up, led her once more out of the confusion.

Shaken from her trance-like mood by being thus picked up and placed upon her feet, her first realization was that of abhorrence for the man beside her. She shuddered with revulsion, feeling his arm about her. She struggled free of him and plunged into the human current ebbing toward Nahum.

## II

Evening was wrapping the village in its scented folds of dusk as she passed the first houses. Lights had begun to spring up through windows and open doors. From the house tops came the sound of voices. Laughter reached her. Along the lanes leading down from the hills trooped herds of goats on their way to be milked. She walked on alone now, the company having for the most part scattered, some disappearing at cross-roads, some at foot-paths, into fields, toward the seashore, and into the various houses of the village.

She continued her way along the narrow, winding street until she came to her own lodging, a small house hemmed about, almost entirely hidden by close-set balsam trees. At the entrance she paused and looked up at the new moon high riding above a flying bank of scud. And as she looked there stole into her mind sweet remembrances of her childhood among the pastures by the Waters of Meron. The moon had seemed to shine more brightly there, and her mother had often taken her down to the lake to see the reflection of the light upon the water, the while she sang old songs of her fathers, the shepherds. Tears started in her eyes at thought of the



harsh days and brutal nights that had unrolled in endless array since then, and she would have succumbed to a racking paroxysm of weeping had not suddenly all thought of self been stricken from her brain by sound of the word "Nazarene" spoken in sneering tones not fifteen paces away.

She strove to peer through the fast gathering dark. Her sight becoming finally adjusted, she made out the figures of three men standing within the shadow of an immense almond tree that grew somewhat to the right of her house. One was extremely short but of an amazing breadth of shoulder, with a round head set down close to his body; the second was somewhat taller and by no means so thick-set, his chief distinguishing feature being enormous mustaches and a heavy beard—the pointed ends of the former, although the man faced directly away from her, were plainly visible. Both men bore the attitude of listening intently to words of a third, who was by far the largest of the three. Allowing her gaze to center upon this last, the woman clapped her hand over her mouth to stifle a cry; for she knew him at once to be the one to whom she had almost yielded herself three hours before—there was the same dark beard, and as he turned from one to the other of the men, allowing himself to come into the moonlight, she could see the same black, piercing eyes and the same cruel mouth.

Cautiously, noiselessly she moved a few steps nearer that she might overhear. In a dry, hard voice the tall man was addressing him with the beard. "Go, thou, Makaz," he was saying, "to the High Priest at Jerusalem and tell him to expect me tomorrow, that I will carry out his wishes this night. And see, also, that thou remindest him of the mina of gold he has promised." Then turning to the other he went on but in a tone almost menacing. "And, Jehoash, wait thou for me at the khan of Soshoh whither I shall come directly before the third watch. The Nazarene is a slight man as thou hast seen;

take heed, therefore, that thou seekest not to augment thy strength at the wine-skin. Thy wit was never sharp; see that thou dost not dull it further. Go thy ways." And he started to walk briskly toward the center of the village.

The woman had heard every word. A great fear rose in her heart. For the space of two seconds she plumbed confusedly for means of frustrating the designs she had fortuitously stumbled upon. A thought pierced her brain, sharp as a needle, and she flung herself madly in pursuit.

Before coming abreast of him she followed, however, she slackened her pace and overtook him without the semblance of haste. She plucked at his robe. "Hast forgotten me?" she asked, and her heart knocked at her throat, her soul turned sick within her, but she brought a slow smile bravely to her eyes.

He brushed her angrily to one side as if he thought her a beggar. But in a glance he remembered and his face flared up with passion. "Ah, fruit of the pomegranate, hast thou followed me hither to offer again what thou didst so strangely deny me," he said; "come, we will go to thy house and sup. But we must haste; there is work before me tonight. I must be gone in an hour." Once more he swept his powerful arm about her beautiful body, and they turned upon their steps.

The new moon brightened, whitening the weather dulled houses of Nahum. The people slept. Along the road into Jerusalem plodded a solitary figure, his feet sinking inches deep in the heavy dust. Within the khan of Soshoh there lay a man in a drunken stupor, his head upon the table in front of him, an empty wine-skin under his hand. But through the door of the house beneath the trees of balsam there issued no man forth.

## III

Day broke, and the sun, a disk of burnished copper, hung just clear of the horizon. And in the fields along the highway out of the village a hundred sickles flashed in the early morning light.

At the first cross-road, not two thousand paces beyond the confines of Nahum, there was gathered a group of men having one woman in their midst. Before them but facing directly away from them a figure bent to the ground and moved his forefinger through the dust as if he wrote. The woman stood nearest him, both hands held tightly in the grip of a man on each side. Her garments were much soiled and rent so that they served none too well to conceal her softly rounded limbs, her splendid hips and voluptuous breasts. But in spite of being thus ignominiously handled, she carried her head stiffly erect, and her face, though white and drawn with suffering, shone with mingled awe and pride.

One who held her, a short, swarthy Jew, whose words struck the ear in tones hollow with insincerity, addressed himself to him who wrote upon the ground, saying, "Master, this woman was taken in adultery, in the very act. Now Moses in the law commanded that such should be stoned. But what sayest thou?"

He who wrote in the dust continued to write for a long space, so long that those who were gathered about began to pick up stones from the roadside that they might chastise her whom they had taken in adultery. But presently there spoke the voice that, the day before, had swayed the multitude. It was low and unmoved but of a timbre that struck dumb with terror those who had made accusation: "Let him who is without sin among you cast the first stone."

And there was for answer only the thud of stones being dropped in the dust.

## EDITORIALS

### THE SUSTAINING SUBSCRIPTIONS

This issue of *THE MIDLAND* has been delayed, and is sent out at last as a triple number, because I have been unable to give to the routine work of the magazine during the past two months the attention I desired. I regret this keenly, and wish to express to the subscribers my sincere appreciation of their patience.

It is because I wish to prevent the recurrence of such delays that I am giving as much effort as I can to the furthering of the plan for sustaining subscriptions which was announced in the January number. As was stated in that issue, I wish to secure a fund of at least fifteen hundred dollars annually, contributed in sums of twenty-five dollars or over, to guarantee printing bills and to pay for clerical assistance. Other magazines are much more fully supported in a similar way, and I believe that persons who value *THE MIDLAND*'s service to American literature will gladly contribute this or a larger fund toward its continuance and development, once the matter is adequately presented to them. My belief that *THE MIDLAND* really is rendering a service is strengthened by this judgment of H. L. Mencken, expressed in the July *Smart Set*: "*THE MIDLAND* is probably the most important literary magazine ever established in America."

I wish to enlist the help of all readers of the magazine in the effort to secure sustaining subscriptions. I have not been able to write to the readers individually inviting them to become sustaining subscribers, and I hope that in response to this editorial announcement I may receive some additional pledges. The amount may be twenty-five dollars or more annually, and may be the gift of one person or of a group. I am anxious to have the fund represent the interest of a large number of people. Pledges are made for a period of five years, beginning with 1923, with the understanding that the subscriber may discon-

tinne his subscription at any time he desires to do so. The 1923 payment may be made at any time before the end of the year. Thereafter payments are to be made on or before June 30 annually. Many readers who cannot themselves become sustaining subscribers may find it possible to secure sustaining subscriptions from other persons, or to help me to do so. I shall keenly appreciate all such efforts, and shall welcome any suggestions in regard to this whole matter.

In accordance with previous announcement, I present herewith a preliminary list of the sustaining subscriptions received up to the day of going to press. A further list will appear in one of the fall numbers, and beginning with the first issue of 1924 the names of sustaining subscribers will appear in each number with those of the editors and associates.

In addition to four anonymous contributors, the following persons are at present sustaining subscribers to *THE MIDLAND*, contributing sums of from twenty-five to one hundred dollars annually to its support in accordance with the plan outlined above:

Hartley B. Alexander, Lincoln, Nebraska.  
Nelson Antrim Crawford, Manhattan, Kansas.  
Walter McLaren Imrie, Los Angeles, California.  
Mrs. C. H. McNider, Mason City, Iowa.  
Mrs. Geo. W. Mixter, Buffalo, New York.  
Charles M. Perry, Grand Rapids, Michigan.  
Edwin Ford Piper, Iowa City, Iowa.  
Jay G. Sigmund, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.  
Smith E. Walker, Decatur, Illinois.  
Mrs. C. C. Wholey, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

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PITTSBURGH

With this issue the place of publication of *THE MIDLAND* changes from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, to Iowa

City, Iowa. To those who have helped and valued *THE MIDLAND* at Pittsburgh, I extend sincerest gratitude; to those who welcome it at Iowa City, appreciation of their welcome; and to both groups of people, pleasant anticipation of our continued association in an enterprise which we value less for the ends it may achieve than for the sake of the work itself.

During the year I have heard many times, most frequently from residents of the city itself, that Pittsburgh is a crass and ugly place, devoid of beauty. I believe that these people are wrong, that they do not see Pittsburgh truly. Ugliness is there, I know, harshness, brutality; but with these there is beauty, strange, austere, in some ways inexpressible forever.

Perhaps nowhere else in the world is so clearly evidenced the sheer power of Man, representing the merging and submerging of the strength of countless individual men. Power is the essence of this city: worship of power in the swift flight of great automobiles on its boulevards; realization of dreams of power in the tremendous fabrics of its factories and mills; response to power in the hurrying, clangorous eddy of thousands about the feet of its skyscrapers. And this power, beneficent and terrible, is in itself a thing of beauty.

Beauty is there, too, in the hills and rivers of Pittsburgh — aspects of nature so elemental that they seem but briefly harnessed by all this superlative energy of men; giving thought of ages when wild beasts and trees held sway, even of other ages when trees may grow again where the skyscrapers have crumbled.

To me, human life is beautiful in Pittsburgh as everywhere else. Heroism, constancy, unselfishness are there as elsewhere. For many people in Pittsburgh, life is hard; for some it is too hard. When I call Pittsburgh beautiful I do not mean that its beauty is an achievement, an attainment. Struggle and change are of the nature of this beauty.

I have thought most often of the future of Pittsburgh when I have looked into the faces of her children. I have seen children crowded in an attentive circle around a drunken man sitting on the sidewalk, blood streaming from his face, coughing vile words; and I have seen children in serried, attentive ranks in the museum before a masterpiece while a teacher lectured earnestly. In the great public park where automobiles fly endlessly down the asphalt drives and saddle horses are exercised on the bridle paths, I have heard little children rebuked by a policeman for picking dandelions; in the huge library at the edge of the same park librarians work tirelessly to supply children with books. I have seen children riding to and from private schools on the luxurious cushions of highpowered cars, and other children returning from school picnics at amusement parks — packed into rickety open streetcars a dozen to a seat, proceeding slowly down crowded streets with a prodigious clanging of bells, and shouts, and laughter.

What a strange and uncertain adventure is the whole career and progress of mankind: this experiment of democracy, strangest and most perilous adventure of all. And when democracy is industrial, and fathers Brad-docks and Bessemers and Homesteads with their close-packed tenements along the grimy river, who shall read the future?

I have known some of the teachers of these Pittsburgh children, and have found in them an understanding of their task and a devotion to it which I have seldom seen equalled in their profession. I know young men and women who are of these children, sons and daughters of Pittsburgh, in whom is the most eager and intelligent acceptance of beauty, unquestionable power to recognize beauty and to create it.

I have no doubt that Pittsburgh will build even more noble schools and libraries and art galleries than those she now possesses, and that to the lives of some of her

people beauty in its accepted forms will be brought measurably closer. But that Pittsburgh herself will be more wonderful, more truly beautiful, I am not sure. Nowhere at any time can the truncated destiny of our race be more powerfully made apparent: the simple-hearted and courageous aspiration that in material achievement at once realizes and defeats its end. The city itself is a colossal symbol of humanity, a concrete expression of all its thousands of bewildered but undaunted men and women.

Like all the greatest poetry, the most perfect expression of Pittsburgh will be found, I think, in tragedy. . . . The most arresting and memorable face I saw in Pittsburgh was that of a mulatto newsboy on a streetcar. . . . Those who can feel life vividly and deeply, and who recognize in all profound experience the presence of beauty, will find Pittsburgh beautiful. And if they live there they may learn, as I have learned, to love her steady rivers and indomitable hills; the red glow that hangs over her on rainy nights, the loom of her thousand stacks, the sharp glare of her converting mills; and the intent unreasoned rush of human lives through all her streets.

JOHN T. FREDERICK.

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